

ENGLISH CLASSICS

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.

SHAKESPEARE

ON LIKE IT

PROLOGUE.

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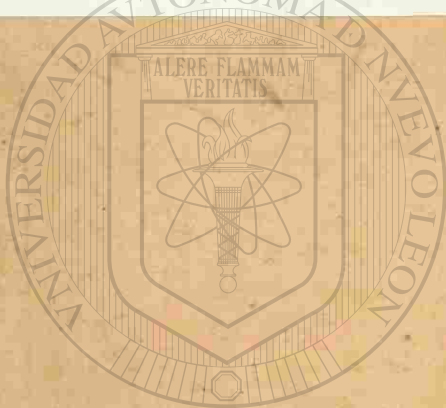
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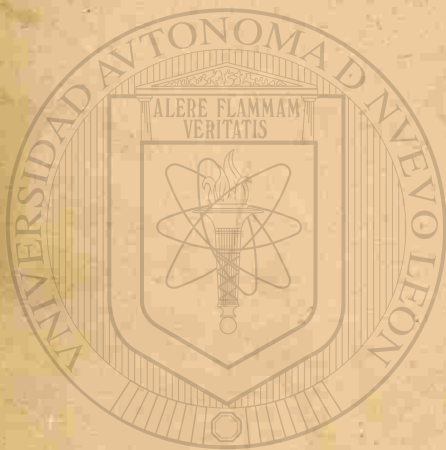
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SHAKESPEARE'S
AS YOU LIKE IT.

WITH
NOTES, EXAMINATION PAPERS, AND PLAN
OF PREPARATION.

(SELECTED.)

By BRAINERD KELLOGG, A.M.,

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Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English,"
and "Higher Lessons in English."*



SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

WITH NOTES.

Uniform in style and price with this volume.

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AS YOU LIKE IT.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

KING LEAR.

MACBETH.

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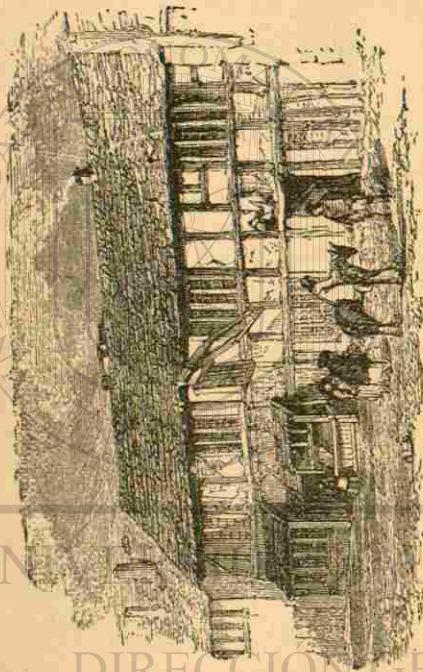
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE text here presented, adapted for use in mixed classes, has been carefully collated with that of six or seven of the latest and best editions. Where there was any disagreement those readings have been adopted which seemed most reasonable and were supported by the best authority.

Professor Meiklejohn's exhaustive notes form the substance of those here used; and his plan, as set forth in the "General Notice" annexed, has been carried out in these volumes. But as these plays are intended rather for pupils in school and college than for ripe Shakespearian scholars, we have not hesitated to prune his notes of whatever was thought to be too learned for our purpose, or on other grounds was deemed irrelevant to it. The notes of other English editors have been freely incorporated.

B. K.



THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.
From a Drawing by J. W. Archer.

GENERAL NOTICE.

"AN attempt has been made in these new editions to interpret Shakespeare by the aid of Shakespeare himself. The Method of Comparison has been constantly employed; and the language used by him in one place has been compared with the language used in other places in similar circumstances, as well as with older English and with newer English. The text has been as carefully and as thoroughly annotated as the text of any Greek or Latin classic.

"The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course the full working out of Shakespeare's meaning. The Editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. This is to read the very mind of Shakespeare, and to weave his thoughts into the fibre of one's own mental constitution. And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognition of

thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had hitherto escaped him. For reading Shakespeare is just like examining Nature; there are no hollownnesses, there is no scamped work, for Shakespeare is as patiently exact and as first-hand as Nature herself.

"Besides this thorough working-out of Shakespeare's meaning, advantage has been taken of the opportunity to teach his English—to make each play an introduction to the ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE. For this purpose copious collections of similar phrases have been gathered from other plays; his idioms have been dwelt upon; his peculiar use of words; his style and his rhythm. Some Teachers may consider that too many instances are given; but, in teaching, as in everything else, the old French saying is true: *Assez n'y a, s'il trop n'y a*. The Teacher need not require each pupil to give him *all* the instances collected. If each gives one or two, it will probably be enough; and, among them all, it is certain that one or two will stick in the memory. It is probable that, for those pupils who do not study either Greek or Latin, this close examination of every word and phrase in the text of Shakespeare will be the best substitute that can be found for the study of the ancient classics.

"It were much to be hoped that Shakespeare should become more and more of a study, and that every boy and girl should have a thorough knowledge of at least one play of Shakespeare before leaving school. It would be one of the best lessons in human life, without the chance of a polluting or degrading experience. It would also have the effect of bringing back into the too pale and formal English of modern times a large number of pithy and

vigorous phrases which would help to develop as well as to reflect vigor in the characters of the readers. Shakespeare used the English language with more power than any other writer that ever lived—he made it do more and say more than it had ever done; he made it speak in a more original way; and his combinations of words are perpetual provocations and invitations to originality and to newness of insight."—J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M.A.,
Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of St. Andrews.

Shakespeare's Grammar.

Shakespeare lived at a time when the grammar and vocabulary of the English language were in a state of transition. Various points were not yet settled; and so Shakespeare's grammar is not only somewhat different from our own but is by no means uniform in itself. In the Elizabethan age, "Almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb, 'They *askance* their eyes;' as a noun, 'the *backward* and abyss of time;' or as an adjective, 'a *seldom* pleasure.' Any noun, adjective, or intransitive verb can be used as a transitive verb. You can 'happy' your friend, 'malice' or 'foot' your enemy, or 'fall' an axe on his neck. An adjective can be used as an adverb; and you can speak and act 'easy,' 'free,' 'excellent;' or as a noun, and you can talk of 'fair' instead of 'beauty,' and 'a pale' instead of 'a paleness.' Even the pronouns are not exempt from these metamorphoses. A 'he' is used for a man, and a lady is described by a gentleman as 'the fairest *she* he has yet beheld.' In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy meets us. *He* for *him*; *him* for *he*; *spoke* and *took* for *spoken* and *taken*; plural nominatives with singular verbs; relatives omitted where they are now considered necessary; unnecessary antecedents inserted: *shall* for *will*, *should* for *would*, *would* for *wish*; *to* omitted after '*I ought*,' inserted after '*I durst*,' double negatives; double comparatives ('more better,' &c.) and superlatives; *such* followed by *which*, *that* by *as*, *as* used for *as if*; *that* for *so that*; and lastly some verbs apparently with two nominatives, and others without any nominative at all."—Dr. Abbott's *Shakesperian Grammar*.

Shakespeare's Versification.

Shakespeare's Plays are written mainly in what is known as *blank verse*; but they contain a number of riming, and a considerable number of prose, lines. As a rule, rime is much commoner in the earlier than in the later plays. Thus, *Love's Labor's Lost* contains nearly 1,100 riming lines, while (if we except the songs) *Winter's Tale* has none. *The Merchant of Venice* has 124.

In speaking, we lay a stress on particular syllables: this stress is called *accent*. When the words of a composition are so arranged that the accent recurs at regular intervals, the composition is said to be *rhythmic*. In blank verse the lines consist usually of ten syllables, of which the second, fourth, sixth,

eighth, and tenth are accented. The line consists, therefore, of five parts, each of which contains an unaccented syllable followed by an accented syllable, as in the word *attend*. Each of these five parts forms what is called a *foot* or *measure*; and the five together form a *pentameter*. "Pentameter" is a Greek word signifying "five measures." This is the usual form of a line of blank verse. But a long poem composed entirely of such lines would be monotonous, and for the sake of variety several important modifications have been introduced.

(a) After the tenth syllable, one or two unaccented syllables are sometimes added; as—

"*Me-thought | you said | you nei | ther lend | nor bor | row.*"

(b) In any foot the accent may be shifted from the second to the first syllable, provided two accented syllables do not come together.

"*Pluck' the | young suck' | ing cubs' | from the' | she bear'.*" |

(c) In such words as "yesterday," "voluntary," "honesty," the syllables *-day*, *-ta-*, and *-ty* falling in the place of the accent, are, for the purposes of the verse, regarded as truly accented.

"*Bars' me | the right' | of vol' | un-ta' | ry choos' | ing.*"

(d) Sometimes we have a succession of accented syllables; this occurs with monosyllabic feet only.

"*Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark.*"

(e) Sometimes, but more rarely, two or even three unaccented syllables occupy the place of one; as—

"*He says | he does, | be-ing then | most flat | ter-ed.*"

(f) Lines may have any number of feet from one to six.

Finally, Shakespeare adds much to the pleasing variety of his blank verse by placing the pauses in different parts of the line (especially after the second or third foot), instead of placing them all at the ends of lines, as was the earlier custom.

N. B.—In some cases the rhythm requires that what we usually pronounce as one syllable shall be divided into two, as *fi-er* (fire), *su-er* (sure), *mi-el* (mile), &c.; *too-elve* (twelve), *jan-ee* (joy), &c. Similarly, *she-on* (tion or sion).

It is very important to give the pupil plenty of ear-training by means of formal scansion. This will greatly assist him in his reading.

PLAN OF STUDY

'PERFECT POSSESSION.'

To attain to the standard of 'Perfect Possession,' the reader ought to have an intimate and ready knowledge of the subject. (See opposite page.)

The student ought, first of all, to read the play as a pleasure; then to read it over again, with his mind upon the characters and the plot; and lastly, to read it for the meanings, grammar, &c.

With the help of the scheme, he can easily draw up for himself short examination papers (1) on each scene, (2) on each act, (3) on the whole play. (See page 131.)

1. The Plot and Story of the Play.

- (a) The general plot;
- (b) The special incidents.

2. The Characters: Ability to give a connected account of all that is done and most of what is said by each character in the play.

3. The Influence and Interplay of the Characters upon each other.

- (a) Relation of A to B and of B to A;
- (b) Relation of A to C and D.

4. Complete Possession of the Language.

- (a) Meanings of words;
- (b) Use of old words, or of words in an old meaning;
- (c) Grammar;
- (d) Ability to quote lines to illustrate a grammatical point.

5. Power to Reproduce, or Quote.

- (a) What was said by A or B on a particular occasion;
- (b) What was said by A in reply to B;
- (c) What argument was used by C at a particular juncture;
- (d) To quote a line in instance of an idiom or of a peculiar meaning.

6. Power to Locate.

- (a) To attribute a line or statement to a certain person on a certain occasion;
- (b) To cap a line;
- (c) To fill in the right word or epithet.

INTRODUCTION

TO

AS YOU LIKE IT.

(From Chambers' Edition of the Play.)

THOMAS LODGE, one of the most elegant and musical of the minor Elizabethan poets, though, like most of them, full of quaint conceits and pedantry, in 1590 published a novel, entitled *Rosalynde; Euphues Golden Legacie*. In the Dedication of his work to Lord Hunsdon, Lodge says, "Having with Captain Clark made a voyage to the islands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labor I writ this book, rough as hatched in the storms of the ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perilous seas." This is an affectedly humble and very inaccurate description of his story, which is polished to feebleness and prolixity, and is highly ornate in diction. It is a romantic and pastoral love-story, partly taken from *The Cokes Tale of Gamelyn*, attributed, but, as Tyrwhit says, erroneously, to Chaucer, and it contains several pieces of sweet lyrical poetry. Lodge's volume became popular. It was reprinted in 1592, and again in 1598, and we have seen an edition of it dated 1616, long after Shakespeare had rendered the incidents familiar on the stage. Mr. Collier thinks that the republication in 1598 of so popular a work

INTRODUCTION.

11

directed Shakespeare's attention to it. It is certain that *As You Like It* was entered in the Stationers' Registers August 4, 1600, along with *Henry the Fifth* and *Much Ado about Nothing*, and Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. Some obstacle to the publication of the plays had arisen, for, opposite to the entry in the register, is written, "To be stayed." The "stay" was soon removed from all but *As You Like It*, which continued unprinted until the publication of the folio in 1623. Perhaps Lodge had protested against the appropriation of his story, foreseeing that the play, if published, would ultimately supersede his novel, or Shakespeare may have been unwilling to let the world know how exactly he had copied its incidents and characters. All, it is true, but the mere outline and a few expressions, are Shakespeare's own. He had added Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, and, like Lodge, had gone to *The Cokes Tale*; yet, the fable being the same as Lodge's, the heroine Rosalind, the scene the forest of Arden, the adventures of the banished brother and usurping king and the pastoral and love scenes the same as in the novel, the resemblance might have seemed to warrant a charge of plagiarism. It is scarcely necessary to add, however, that what in Lodge are mere faint sketches appear in Shakespeare as finished pictures, instinct with life and beauty. None of his other plays is more redolent of the true spirit of poetry, and of that love of nature essential to the poetic character. The latter is not manifested in the description of scenery "for its own sake, or to show how well he could paint natural objects. He is never tedious

or elaborate ; but, while he now and then displays marvellous accuracy and minuteness of knowledge, he usually only touches upon the larger features and broader characteristics, leaving the filling up to the imagination. Thus, in *As You Like It*, he describes an oak of many centuries' growth in a single line :—

' Under an oak whose antique root peeps out.'

Other and inferior writers would have dwelt on this description, and worked it out with all the pettiness and impertinence of detail. In Shakespeare the antique root furnishes the whole picture.* In the fourth act we have a somewhat more copious description of an old oak, but in this also the vigorous condensation and graphic boldness of the poet are no less conspicuous. The passage is suggested by Lodge. "Saladin," says the novelist, "weary with wandering up and down, and hungry with long fasting, finding a little cave by the side of a thicket, eating such fruit as the forest did afford, and contenting himself with such drink as nature had provided and thirst made delicate, after his repast fell into a dead sleep." Shakespeare dashes off the scene in a few masterly touches :—

" Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back."

Along with the exquisite appreciation of woodland scenery and natural beauty in *As You Like It*, with glimpses

* Coleridge : Notes of Lectures in 1818, taken by Mr. Collier.

of the old Robin Hood life, when men "fleeted the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world," we have the meditative and reflective spirit displayed in the delineation of Jaques and the Duke, and the philosophy of human life unfolded in action as well as in speeches replete with practical wisdom and sagacity. It would be superfluous to point to the forest scenes, in which this philosophy is seen blended with sportive satire and description, and in which the versification is melody itself. Rosalind and Orlando have both their prototypes in Lodge, but the former is destitute of the airy grace and arch raillery which distinguish the heroine of the play. The creation of Shakespeare is indeed one of his most felicitous female portraiture. The character of Adam, the faithful aged retainer, is found both in *The Cokes's Tale of Gamelyn* and in Lodge's novel. Additional interest attaches to it in the drama, as Mr. Collier remarks, because it is supposed that the part was originally sustained on the stage by Shakespeare himself. There are two traditions on this point. Oldys had heard that one of Shakespeare's brothers, who lived to a great age, recollected seeing his brother Will personating a decrepit old man ; he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak that he was forced to be supported and carried to a table, at which he was seated among some company who were eating. Capell gives the story as of an old man related to Shakespeare, who, being asked by some of his neighbours what he remembered about him, answered that he saw him once brought on the stage upon another man's back, which answer was applied by the

hearers to his having seen him perform in this scene *As You Like It*, Act ii., sc. 7) the part of Adam. These are indistinct and doubtful reminiscences. One brother of the poet (Gilbert) was living at Stratford in 1609, but the probability is that he predeceased his illustrious relative, as he is not mentioned in his will. Chettle, the contemporary of Shakespeare, and one well fitted to judge, states that the dramatist was "excellent in the quality he professed"—that is, excellent as an actor, and in *As You Like It* we should have expected to find him personating Jaques or the Duke. The character of Adam, however, is drawn with great care and tenderness, and it could scarce fail to be a favorite with the author as well as with his audience.

"Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both Rosalind and Celia give away their hearts. To Celia much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of Jaques is natural and well preserved. The comic dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays; and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of this work, Shakespeare suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers."—JOHNSON.

"The sweet and sportive temper of Shakespeare, though it never deserted him, gave way to advancing years, and to

the mastering force of serious thought. What he read we know but very imperfectly; yet in the last years of the century, when five and thirty summers had ripened his genius, it seems that he must have transfused much of the wisdom of past ages into his own all-combining mind. In several of the historical plays, in the *Merchant of Venice*, and especially in *As You Like It*, the philosophic eye, turned inward on the mysteries of human nature, is more and more characteristic; and we might apply to the last comedy the bold figure that Coleridge has less appropriately employed as to the early poems, that 'The creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war-embrace.' In no other play, at least, do we find the bright imagination and fascinating grace of Shakespeare's youth so mingled with the thoughtfulness of his maturer age. This play is referred with reasonable probability to the year 1600. Few comedies of Shakespeare are more generally pleasing, and its manifold improbabilities do not much affect us in perusal. The brave, injured Orlando, the sprightly but modest Rosalind, the faithful Adam, the reflecting Jaques, the serene and magnanimous Duke interest us by turns, though the play is not so well managed as to condense our sympathy, and direct it to the conclusion."—HALLAM.

"Throughout the whole picture it seems to be the poet's design to show that to call forth the poetry which has its indwelling in nature and the human mind, nothing is wanted but to throw off all artificial constraint, and restore both to mind and nature their original liberty. In

the very progress of the piece, the dreamy carelessness of such an existence is sensibly expressed; it is even alluded to by Shakespeare in the title. Whoever affects to be displeased, if in this romantic forest the ceremonial of dramatic art is not duly observed, ought in justice to be delivered over to the wise fool, to be led gently out of it to some prosaical region."—SCHLEGEL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Isake, *living in banishment.*

FREDERICK, *brother to the duke, and usurper of his dominions.*

AMIENS, } *lords attending upon the duke in his banish-*
JAQUES, } *ment.*

LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*

CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*

OLIVER, }
JAQUES, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Bois.*
ORLANDO, }

ADAM, }
DENNIS, } *servants to Oliver.*

TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*

SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar.*

CORIN, }
SILVIUS, } *shepherds*

WILLIAM, *a country fellow in love with Audrey.*

A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished duke.*

CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*

PHEBE, a shepherdess.

AUDREY, a country wench.

Lords belonging to the two dukes; pages, foresters, and other attendants.

THE SCENE LIES, FIRST, NEAR OLIVER'S HOUSE; AFTERWARDS, PARTLY IN THE USURPER'S COURT, AND PARTLY IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Orchard of Oliver's house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion,—he bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well; and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques 5 he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit; for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays he here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth that differs not from the 10 stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his 15 animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a 20

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25 brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make any thing.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

40 *Orl.* Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor, unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile.

45 *Orl.* Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well: here in your orchard.

50 *Oli.* Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were

there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Bois: he was my father, and 65 he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so; thou hast railled on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give 75 me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become 80 a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament: with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be 85 troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word.

[*Exeunt Orlando and Adam.*]

- 95 *Oli.* Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. Holla, Dennis!

[*Enter DENNIS.*]

Den. Calls your worship?

- Oli.* Was not Charles, the duke's wrestler,
100 here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit Dennis.*] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

[*Enter CHARLES.*]

- 105 *Cha.* Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

- Cha.* There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old duke is banished
110 by his younger brother, the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

- 115 *Oli.* Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her

exile, or would have died to stay behind her. 120 She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of 125 Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. 130

Oli. What, you wrestle to-morrow before the new duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando 135 hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, 140 would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, 145 in that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose here- 150 in, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow

of France, full of ambition, an envious emulator
 155 of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous
 contriver against me, his natural brother; there-
 fore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst
 break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best
 look to't; for, if thou dost him any slight disgrace,
 160 or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he
 will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee
 by some treacherous device, and never leave thee
 till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means
 or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears
 165 I speak it, there is not one so young and so villa-
 nous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him;
 but, should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I
 must blush and weep, and thou must look pale
 and wonder.

170 *Cha.* I am heartily glad I came hither to you.
 If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment:
 if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrestle for
 prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit Charles.*]

175 Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see
 an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why,
 hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle,
 never schooled and yet learned, full of noble
 device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and
 180 indeed so much in the heart of the world, and
 especially of my own people, who best know him,
 that I am altogether misprized. But it shall not
 be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing
 remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which
 185 now I'll go about. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Lawn before the Duke's palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet, my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke 10 my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee. 15

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir, for what he hath taken 20 away from thy father perforce I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor I will; and, when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. 25

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further 30

in sport neither than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit, and mock the good housewife
35 Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful, blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women

40 *Cel.* 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the
45 world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off
50 the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work
55 neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

60 *Touch.* Mistress, you must come away to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honor, but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool? 65

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught; now I'll stand to it the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. 70

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now, stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a 75 knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but, if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, 80 swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or, if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick, your father, 85 loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him: enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation, one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not 90 speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for, since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news. 95

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

100 *Cel.* All the better; we shall be the more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

105 *Cel.* Sport! of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the destinies decree.

110 *Cel.* Well said; that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank,—

Ros. Thou lovest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost
115 the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you
120 are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and his three sons,—

125 *Cel.* I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks, "Be it known unto all men by these presents." 130

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they 135 lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that 140 the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day! It is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies. 145

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else longs to see this broken music in his sides? Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin? 150

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it. 155

Flourish. Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, ORLANDO, CHARLES, and Attendants.

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

160 *Cel.* Alas, he is too young ! yet he looks successfully.

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin ! are you crept hither to see the wrestling ?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us 165 leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man. In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, 170 ladies ; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau

Duke F. Do so : I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

175 *Orl.* I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles, the wrestler ?

Orl. No, fair princess ; he is the general challenger : I come but in, as others do, to try with 180 him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength : if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, 185 the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir ; your reputation shall not 190 therefore be misprised : we will make it our suit to the duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts ; wherein I confess me much guilty

to deny so fair and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial : wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious ; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so : I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me ; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing ; 200 only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine to eke out hers.

205

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you !

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you !

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth ? 210

Orl. Ready, sir ; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your grace, you shall not entreat him to a second that have so mightily 215 persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after ; you should not have mocked me before : but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young 220 man !

Cel. I would I were invisible to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [They wrestle.]

Ros. O excellent young man !

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can 225 tell who should down.

[Shout. Charles is thrown.]

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your grace; I am not yet well breathed.

230 *Duke F.* How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of

235 Sir Rowland de Bois.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else.

The world esteem'd thy father honorable,

But I did find him still mine enemy:

Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed

240 Hadst thou descended from another house,

But fare thee well; thou art a gallant youth:

I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick, train, and Le Beau.*]

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,

245 His youngest son; and would not change that calling

To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,

And all the world was of my father's mind:

Had I before known this young man his son,

250 I should have given him tears unto entreaties,

Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel.

Gentle cousin,

Let us go thank him and encourage him:

My father's rough and envious disposition

Sticks me at heart, Sir, you have well deserved;

If you do keep your promises in love

But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,

Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros.

Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*]

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune, 260

That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.

Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say I thank you? My better parts

Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up

Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;

I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?

Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown

More than your enemies.

Cel.

Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?

I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.

O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!

Or Charles or something weaker masters thee.

Re-enter LE BEAU.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you

To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
280 Yet such is now the duke's condition
That he misconstrues all that you have done.
The duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,
More suits you to conceive than I to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me
this:

285 Which of the two was daughter of the duke
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge
by manners;

But yet, indeed, the shorter is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banish'd duke,
290 And here detain'd by her usurping uncle
To keep his daughter company; whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.

But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece,
295 Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;

And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
300 Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you
well.

[*Exit Le Beau.*]
Thus must I from the smoke into the smother;

From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother:

305 But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*A room in the palace.*

Enter CELIA and ROSALIND.

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have
mercy! not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast
away upon curs; throw some of them at me; 5
come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up;
when the one should be lamed with reasons, and
the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father? 10

Ros. No, some of it is for my child's father.
O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon
thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the
trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them. 15

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these
burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have
him. 20

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler
than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in
time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests 25
out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it
possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into
so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest
son?

30 *Ros.* The duke my father loved his father
dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should
love his son dearly? By this kind of chase I
should hate him, for my father hated his father

35 dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve
well?

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love
40 him because I do. Look, here comes the duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your
safest haste

And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

45 *Duke F.* You, cousin:

Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your grace,

50 Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:

If with myself I hold intelligence

Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,

If that I do not dream or be not frantic,—

As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,

55 Never so much as in a thought unborn

Did I offend your highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:

If their purgation did consist in words,

They are as innocent as grace itself:

60 Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a
traitor:

Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter;
there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your highness took his
dukedom;

So was I when your highness banish'd him: 65

Treason is not inherited, my lord;

Or, if we did derive it from our friends,

What's that to me? my father was no traitor:

Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much

To think my poverty is treacherous. 70

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stay'd her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.

Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;

It was your pleasure and your own remorse: 75

I was too young that time to value her,

But now I know her: if she be a traitor,

Why so am I; we still have slept together,

Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together,

And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans, 80

Still we went coupled and inseparable.

Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her
smoothness,

Her very silence, and her patience

Speak to the people, and they pity her.

Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name; 85

And thou wilt show more bright and seem more

virtuous

When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:

Firm and irrevocable is my doom.

Which I have passed upon her; she is banish'd.

90 *Cel.* Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege :

I cannot live out of her company.

Duke F. You are a fool. You, niece, provide yourself :

If you outstay the time, upon mine honor

And in the greatness of my word, you die.

[*Exeunt Duke Frederick and Lords.*]

95 *Cel.* O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go ?

Wilt thou change fathers ? I will give thee mine.

I charge thee be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin ;

100 Prithee, be cheerful : know'st thou not the duke

Hath banish'd me, his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No ? hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love

Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one :

105 Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?

No ; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me how we may fly,

Whither to go, and what to bear with us ;

And do not seek to take your change upon you,

110 To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out ;

For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,

Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why, whither shall we go ?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.

115 *Ros.* Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maids as we are, to travel forth so far !

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
And with a kind of umber smirch my face ;

The like do you : so shall we pass along 120

And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man ?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh, 125

A boar-spear in my hand ; and—in my heart

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,

As many other mannish cowards have

That do outface it with their semblances. 130

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man ?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page ;

And therefore look you call me Ganymede.

But what will you be call'd ?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state ; 135

No longer Celia, but Aliena.

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assay'd to steal

The clownish fool out of your father's court ?

Would he not be a comfort to our travel ?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me ; 140

Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,

And get our jewels and our wealth together,

Devise the fittest time and safest way

To hide us from pursuit that will be made

After my flight. Now go we in content 145

To liberty and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and two or three Lords, like foresters.

- Duke S.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in
 exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these
 woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 5 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference, as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say
 10 "This is no flattery: these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am."
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in its head;
 15 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running
 brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
 I would not change it.
Ami. Happy is your grace,
 20 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us ven-
 ison?

And yet it irks me the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads 25
 Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you. 30
 To-day my lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag, 35
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round tears 40
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears. 45

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
 Did he not moralize this spectacle?
First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
 "Poor deer," quoth he, "thou makest a testament 50
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much;" then, being there
 alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
 "Tis right," quoth he; "thus misery doth part
 The flux of company;" anon a careless herd, 55

Full of the pasture, jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; "Ay," quoth
Jaques,

"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;

'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look

60 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"

Thus most invectively he pierceth through

The body of the country, city, court,

Yea, and of this our life, swearing that we

Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,

65 To fright the animals, and to kill them up

In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke S. And did you leave him in this con-
templation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and
commenting

Upon the sobbing deer.

70 Duke S. Show me the place;

I love to cope him in these sullen fits,

For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—A room in the palace.

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, with Lords.

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw
them?

It cannot be: some villains of my court

Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see
her.

5 The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,

X

Saw her a-bed, and in the morning early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown, at
whom so oft

Your grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.

Hesperia, the princess' gentlewoman,

Confesses that she secretly o'erheard

Your daughter and her cousin much commend

The parts and graces of the wrestler

That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;

And she believes, wherever they are gone,

That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gal-
lant hither;

If he be absent, bring his brother to me;

I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,

And let not search and inquisition quail

To bring again these foolish runaways.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Before OLIVER'S house.

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, meeting.

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my
gentle master!

O my sweet master! O you memory

Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?

Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and val-
iant?

5

Why would you be so fond to overcome

The bonny priser of the humorous duke?

Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.

- 10 Know you not, master, to some kind of men
 Their graces serve them but as enemies?
 No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
 O, what a world is this, when what is comely

15 Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!
 Come not within these doors; within this roof
 The enemy of all your graces lives:

- 20 Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
 Yet not the son, I will not call him son
 Of him I was about to call his father—
 Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
 To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
 25 And you within it: if he fail of that,
 He will have other means to cut you off.
 I overheard him and his practices.
 This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
 Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

30 *Orl.* Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have
 me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not
 here.

Orl. What, wouldst thou have me go and beg
 my food?

- Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
 A thievish living on the common road?
 35 This I must do, or know not what to do:
 Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
 I rather will subject me to the malice
 Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred
 crowns,

The thrifty hire I saved under your father, 40
 Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown:
 Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow, 45
 Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
 All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
 Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood, 50
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility;
 Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
 Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
 I'll do the service of a younger man 55
 In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
 The constant service of the antique world,
 When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
 Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
 60 Where none will sweat but for promotion,
 And, having that, do choke their service up
 Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
 But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
 That cannot so much as a blossom yield 65
 In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
 But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
 And, ere we have thy youthful wages spent,
 We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee 70
 To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
 From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
 Here lived I, but now live here no more.

- At seventeen years many their fortunes seek ;
 75 But at fourscore it is too late a week :
 Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
 Than to die well and not my master's debtor.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—*The Forest of Arden.*

Enter ROSALIND for GANYMEDE, CELIA for ALIENA, and TOUCHSTONE.

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits !

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

- Ros.* I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman ; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat ; therefore, courage, good Aliena !

Cel. I pray you, bear with me ; I cannot go no
 10 further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you ; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

- Ros.* Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden ; the more fool I : when I was at home, I was in a better place ; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone.

Enter CORIN and SILVIUS.

- 20 Look you, who comes here ; a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her !

Cor. I partly guess ; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess, 25
 Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
 As ever sigh'd upon a midnight pillow :
 But if thy love were ever like to mine—
 As sure I think did never man love so—
 How many actions most ridiculous
 Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy ?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily !
 If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
 That ever love did make thee run into, 35

Thou hast not loved :

Or, if thou hast not sat, as I do now,
 Wearing thy hearer in thy mistress' praise,
 Thou hast not loved :

Or, if thou hast not broke from company
 Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
 Thou hast not loved.

O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe ! *[Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine 45
 own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile ; and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the 50
 cow's dugs that her pretty chapped hands had milked ; and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears,
 "Wear these for my sake." We that are true 55

lovers run into strange capers ; but, as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

60 *Ros.* Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.
Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove ! this shepherd's passion is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine ; but it grows something 65 stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man if he for gold will give us any food : I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown !

70 *Ros.* Peace, fool : he's not thy kinsman.

Cor. Who calls ?

Touch. Your betters, sir.

Cor. Else are they very wretched.

Ros. Peace, I say. Good even to you, friend.

75 *Cor.* And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold can in this desert place buy entertainment, bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed : Here's a young maid with travel much oppress'd 80 And faints for succor.

Cor. Fair sir, I pity her, And wish, for her sake more than for mine own, My fortunes were more able to relieve her ; But I am shepherd to another man, 85 And do not shear the fleeces that I graze : My master is of churlish disposition And little recks to find the way to heaven By doing deeds of hospitality. Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed

Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now, 90 By reason of his absence, there is nothing That you will feed on ; but what is, come see, And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture ?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but 95 erewhile, That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty, Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock, And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like 100 this place, And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold ; Go with me : if you like upon the report The soil, the profit, and this kind of life, I will your very faithful feeder be, And buy it with your gold right suddenly.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*The forest.*

Enter AMIENS, JAKUES, and others.

SONG.

Ami. Under the greenwood tree 105 Who loves to lie with me, And turn his merry note Unto the sweet bird's throat, Come hither, come hither, come hither : Here shall he see No enemy But winter and rough weather.

Jag. More, more, I prithee, more.

10 *Ami.* It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jag. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

15 *Ami.* My voice is ragged; I know I cannot please you.

Jag. I do not desire you to please me, I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanza; call you 'em stanzas?

20 *Ami.* What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jag. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

25 *Jag.* Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you: but that they call compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes; and, when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny, and he renders me the beggarly thanks.

30 Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs, cover the while; the duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.

35 *Jag.* And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company; I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG.

40 Who doth ambition shun [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats

And pleased with what he gets,

Come hither, come hither, come hither;

Here shall he see

45

No enemy

But winter and rough weather.

Jag. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

50

Jag. Thus it goes:—

If it do come to pass

That any man turn ass,

Leaving his wealth and ease

A stubborn will to please,

55

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:

Here shall he see

Gross fools as he,

An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that "duc-dame?"

60

Jag. 'Tis a Greek invocation to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if I can; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the firstborn of Egypt.

Ami. And I'll go seek the duke; his banquet is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*]

65

SCENE VI.—*The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM.

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further: O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer 5

thyselves a little. If this uncouth forest yield any thing savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; 10 hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and, if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give thee leave to die; but, if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, 15 and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE VII.—*The forest.*

A table set out. Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, and Lords like outlaws.

Duke S. I think he be transform'd into a beast,

For I can nowhere find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:

Here was he merry, hearing of a song.

5 *Duke S.* If he, compact of jays, grow musical, We shall have shortly discord in the spheres. Go seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter JAQUES.

First Lord. He saves my labor by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this

That your poor friends must woo your company? 10 What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest, A motley fool; a miserable world!

As I do live by food, I met a fool; Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun 15 And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms, In good set terms and yet a motley fool.

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,

"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."

And then he drew a dial from his poke, 20

And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,

Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock:

Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the world wags;

'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,

And after one hour more 'twill be eleven; 25

And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,

And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;

And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear

The motley fool thus moral on the time,

My lungs began to crow like chanticleer, 30

That fools should be so deep-contemplative,

And I did laugh sans intermission

An hour by his dial. O noble fool!

A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.

Duke S. What fool is this?

35 *Jaq.* O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,

And says, if ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,

Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit

40 After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O, that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

Duke S. Thou shalt have one.

45 *Faq.* It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
50 To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they
so?

The "why" is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit

55 Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
[Not to] seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley: give me leave

60 To speak my mind, and I will through and
through

Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou
wouldst do.

Faq. What, for a counter, would I do but
good?

65 *Duke S.* Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding
sin:

For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,

That thou with license of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world. 70

Faq. Why, who cries out on pride
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's very means do ebb?

What woman in the city do I name 75
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?

Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function 80

That says his bravery is not of my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?

There then; how then? what then? Let me see
wherein

My tongue hath wrong'd him: if it do him right, 85
Then he hath wronged himself; if he be free,

Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaim'd of any man. But who comes here?

Enter ORLANDO, with his sword drawn.

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.

Faq. Why, I have eat none yet, 90

Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.

Faq. Of what kind should this cock come of?

Duke S. Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy
distress,

Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty? 95

Orl. You touch'd my vein at first: the thorny
point

Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show

Of smooth civility : yet am I inland bred
 And know some nurture. But forbear, I say :
 100 He dies that touches any of this fruit
 Till I and my affairs are answered.

Jag. An you will not be answered with
 reason, I must die.

Duke S. What would you have ? Your gen-
 tleness shall force
 More than your force move us to gentleness.

105 *Orl.* I almost die for food ; and let me have
 it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to
 our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently ? Pardon me, I
 pray you :

I thought that all things had been savage here ;
 And therefore put I on the countenance

110 Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
 That in this desert inaccessible,
 Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
 Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ;

115 If ever you have look'd on better days,
 If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church,
 If ever sat at any good man's feast,

If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
 And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
 Let gentleness my strong enforcement be :

120 In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better
 days,

And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church,
 And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
 Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd ;

125 And therefore sit you down in gentleness

And take upon command what help we have
 That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
 Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
 And give it food. There is an old poor man, 130
 Who after me hath many a weary step
 Limp'd in pure love : till he be first sufficed,
 Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,
 I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out, 135
 And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye : and be blest for your good
 comfort [Exit.]

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone un-
 happy :
 This wide and universal theatre
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene 140
 Wherein we play in.

Jag. All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts, 145
 His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover, 150
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation 155
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the
 justice,

In fair round belly with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
 160 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
 165 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter ORLANDO with ADAM.

170 *Duke S.* Welcome. Set down your venerable
 burden,
 And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need :

I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

175 *Duke S.* Welcome ; fall to ; I will not trouble
 you

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
 Give us some music ; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG.

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind.
 180 As man's ingratitude :
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly : 185
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly !
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 190 Though thou the waters warp, x
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

Heigh-ho ! sing, etc.

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Row-
 land's son, 195

As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
 And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
 Most truly limn'd and living in your face,
 Be truly welcome hither : I am the duke
 That loved your father. The residue of your
 fortune 200

Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
 Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
 Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
 And let me all your fortunes understand.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A room in the palace.*

Enter DUKE FREDERICK, Lords, and OLIVER.

Duke F. Not see him since ? Sir, sir, that
 cannot be :

But were I not the better part made mercy,
 I should not seek an absent argument
 Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it;
 5 Find out thy brother; wheresoe'er he is;
 Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
 Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
 To seek a living in our territory.
 Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine
 10 Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
 Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
 Of what we think against thee.
Oli. O, that your highness knew my heart in
 this!
 I never loved my brother in my life.
 15 *Duke F.* More villain thou. Well, push him
 out of doors;
 And let my officers of such a nature
 Make an extent upon his house and lands:
 Do this expediently and turn him going.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II.—*The forest.**Enter ORLANDO, with a paper.*

Orl. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:
 And thou, thrice-crowned queen of night, survey
 With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
 Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
 5 O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
 And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
 That every eye which in this forest looks
 Shall see thy virtue witness'd every where.
 Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
 10 The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*]

Enter CORIN and TOUCHSTONE.

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life,
 Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself,
 it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shep-
 herd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is soli-
 tary, I like it very well; but, in respect that it is
 private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it
 is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but, in respect
 it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a
 spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but,
 20 as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much
 against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in
 thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one
 sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that
 25 wants money, means, and content is without three
 good friends; that the property of rain is to wet
 and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat
 sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack
 of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by
 30 nature nor art may complain of good breeding,
 or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher.
 Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-
 roasted egg all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason. 4c

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court,
 thou never sawest good manners; if thou never

sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise and perpendicular civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress' brother.

Enter ROSALIND, with a paper, reading.

Ros. "From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind. 85
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures, fairest lined,
Are but black to Rosalind. 90
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind."

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butterwomen's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool! 95

Touch. For a taste:—

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind. 100
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind,
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind, 105
Such a nut is Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a
110 tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall
graft it with a medlar: then it will be the earliest
fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you
115 be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the
medlar.

Touch. You have said; but, whether wisely or
no, let the forest judge.

Enter CELIA, with a writing.

Ros. Peace!

120 Here comes my sister reading; stand aside.

Cel. [Reads]

"Why should this a desert be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

125 Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show:

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage,

That the stretching of a span

130 Buckles in his sum of age;

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But, upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence end,

Will I Rosalinda write,

135 Teaching all that read to know

The quintessence of every sprite

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore Heaven Nature charged

That one body should be fill'd

140 With all graces wide-enlarged:

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart,

Cleopatra's majesty,

Atalanta's better part,

145 Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devised,

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches dearest prized.

Heaven would that she these gifts should
150 have,

And I to live and die her slave."

Ros. O most gentle pulpit! what tedious
homily of love have you wearied your parish-
ioners withal, and never cried, "Have patience,
good people!"

155 *Cel.* How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go
off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an hon-
orable retreat; though not with bag and bag-
gage, yet with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt Corin and Touchstone.*

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all and more too;
for some of them had in them more feet than the
verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear
165 the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame and could
not bear themselves without the verse, and there-
fore stood lamely in the verse.

170 *Cel.* But didst thou hear without wondering
how thy name should be hanged and carved
upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out of the
wonder before you came; for look here what I
175 found on a palm-tree. I was never so be-rhymed
since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,
which I can hardly remember.

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

180 *Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about
his neck. Change you color?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! It is a hard matter for
friends to meet; but mountains may be removed
185 with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary
vehemence, tell me who it is.

190 *Cel.* O wonderful, wonderful, and most won-
derful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and
after that, out of all whooping!

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think,
though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a
195 doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch
of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I
prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak
apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou
mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth,
200 as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle,
either too much at once or none at all. I prithee,
take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink
thy tidings. Is he of God's making? What

manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his
chin worth a beard? 205

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more if the man will
be thankful; let me stay the growth of his beard
if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the 210
wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak,
sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

215

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my
doublet and hose? What did he when thou
sawest him? What said he? How looked he?
Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did 220
he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted
he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again?
Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth
first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this 225
age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars
is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest
and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he
did the day he wrestled? 230

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to re-
solve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste
of my finding him, and relish it with good observ-
ance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped
acorn, 235

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree, when
it drops forth such fruit.

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

240 *Cel.* There he lay, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry "holla" to thy tongue, I prithee; it
245 curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden; thou bringest me out of tune.

250 *Ros.* Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter ORLANO and JAQUES.

Ros. 'Tis he; slink by and note him.

255 *Jaq.* I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as
260 we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses
265 with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you
270 when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth, from whence you have studied your questions?

Jaq. You have a nimble wit; I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will you sit down 280 with me? and we two will rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in 285 love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you. 290

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cifer. 295

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you; farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure; adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy. *[Exit Jaques.]*

Ros. *[Aside to Celia]* I will speak to him like 300 a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

305 *Orl.* You should ask me what time o' day ;
there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest ;
else sighing every minute and groaning every
hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as
310 a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time ?
had that not been as proper ?

Ros. By no means, sir ; Time travels in divers
paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time
315 ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time
gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who doth he trot withal ?

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid
between the contract of her marriage and the day
320 it is solemnized ; if the interim be but a se'nnight,
Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of
seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal ?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin and a rich
325 man that hath not the gout ; for the one sleeps
easily because he cannot study, and the other
lives merrily because he feels no pain ; the one
lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning,
the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious
330 penury ; these Time ambles withal.

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal ?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows ; for, though
he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself
too soon there.

335 *Orl.* Who stays it still withal ?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation ; for they
sleep between term and term, and then they per-
ceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth ?

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister ; here in 340
the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place ?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where
she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you 345
could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many : but, indeed,
an old religious uncle of mine taught me to speak,
who was in his youth an inland man : one that
knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. 350
I have heard him read many lectures against it,
and I thank God I am not a woman to be
touched with so many giddy offences as he hath
generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal 355
evils that he laid to the charge of women ?

Ros. There were none principal ; they were
all like one another as half-pence are, every one
fault seeming monstrous till his fellow-fault came
to match it. 360

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but
on those that are sick. There is a man haunts
the forest, that abuses our young plants with
carving "Rosalind" on their barks ; hangs odes 365
upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles, all,
forsooth, deifying the name of Rosalind ; if I
could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him
some good counsel, for he seems to have the
quodidian of love upon him. 370

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked ; I pray
you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it: which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell

you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion some thing and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Ori. With all my heart, good youth.
Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come,
 sister, will you go? [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—The forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY; JACQUES behind.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

5 *Aud.* Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

10 *Jaq.* [Aside.] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, Understanding, it strikes a man

15 more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what "poetical" is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

25 *Touch.* I do, truly; for thou swearest to me

thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have 30 honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [Aside.] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon 35 a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foul-ness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But, be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us. Here 45 comes Sir Oliver.

Enter SIR OLIVER MARTEXT.

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the 50 woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. [Advancing] Proceed, proceed: I'll give 55 her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't:

how do you, sir? You are very well met: God
 60 tild you for your last company: I am very glad to
 see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray
 be covered.

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse
 his curb, and the falcon her bells, so man hath
 65 his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would
 be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your
 breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar?
 Get you to church, and have a good priest that
 70 can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will
 but join you together as they join wainscot; then
 one of you will prove a shrunk panel and, like
 green timber, warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside.*] I am not in the mind but I
 75 were better to be married of him than of another;
 for he is not like to marry me well; and, not being
 well married, it will be a good excuse for me
 hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel
 80 thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
 Farewell, good Master Oliver: not,—

O sweet Oliver,

O brave Oliver,

85 Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

Wind away,

Begone, I say,

I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey.*
 90 *Sir Oli.* 'Tis no matter; ne'er a fantastical

knave of them all shall flout me out of my call-
 ing. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to
 consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; 5
 therefore weep?

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry,
 his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good color. 10

Cel. An excellent color: your chestnut was
 ever the only color.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as
 the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of 15
 Diana; a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not
 more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come
 this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him. 20

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a
 horse-stealer, but for his verity in love, I do think
 him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-
 eaten nut. 25

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is
 not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright
30 he was.

Cel. "Was" is not "is": besides, the oath of
a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster;
they are both the confirmer of false reckonings.
He attends here in the forest on the duke your
35 father.

Ros. I met the duke yesterday and had much
question with him: he asked me of what parent-
age I was; I told him of as good as he; so he
laughed and let me go. But what talk we of
40 fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave
verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths,
and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart
the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that
45 spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff
like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth
mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft en-
quired

After the shepherd that complain'd of love,
50 Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.

Cel. Well, and what of him?

Cor. If you will see a pageant truly play'd
55 Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.

Ros. O, come, let us remove;

The sight of lovers feedeth those in love. 60
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.—Another part of the forest.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not,
Phebe;

Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustom'd sight of death makes
hard,

Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck 5
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and CORIN, behind.

Phe. I would not be thy executioner;
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: 10
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable

That eyes, that are the frailest and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,
Should be call'd tyrants, butchers, murderers!

Now I do frown on thee with all my heart; 15
And, if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill
thee;

Now counterfeit to swoon; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not to say mine eyes are murderers!

Now show the wound mine eye hath made in
thee: 20

Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine
eyes,

- 25 Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever,—as that ever may be near,—

- 30 You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me; and, when that time
comes,

- 35 Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.

Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be
your mother

That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no
beauty,—

- 40 As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed—
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on
me?

- I see no more in you than in the ordinary
45 Of nature's sale-work. 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,

That can entame my spirits to your worship. 50
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow
her,

Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favored children: 55
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your
knees,

And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love: 60
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well. 65

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you chide a year to-
gether: I had rather hear you chide than this
man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness,
and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, 70
as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks
I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you
so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you do not fall in love with me, 75
For I am falsest than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my
house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better, 80

And be not proud : though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt Rosalind, Celia, and Corin.*]

Phe. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of
might,

85 "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Sil. Sweet Phebe,

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

90 *Sil.* Wherever sorrow is, relief would be :

If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love : is not that neigh-
bourly?

95 *Sil.* I would have you,

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.

Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love ;
But, since that thou canst talk of love so well,

100 Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too :
But do not look for further recompense.
Than thine own gladness that thou art employ'd.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love

105 And I in such a poverty of grace
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps ; loose now and then
A scatter'd smile, and that I'll live upon.

110 *Phe.* Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me
erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft ;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for
him ;

'Tis but a peevish boy ; yet he talks well ; 115
But what care I for words ? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth : not very pretty :
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes
him :

He'll make a proper man : the best thing in him 120
Is his complexion ; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.

He is not very tall ; yet for his years he's tall :
His leg is but so so ; and yet 'tis well :

There was a pretty redness in his lip, 125
A little ripier and more lusty red
Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the dif-
ference

Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they mark'd
him

In parcels as I did, would have gone near 130
To fall in love with him ; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not ; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him :
For what had he to do to chide at me ?

He said mine eyes were black and my hair black ; 135
And, now I am remember'd, scorn'd at me :
I marvel why I answer'd not again :
But that's all one ; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it : wilt thou, Silvius ? 140

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.

145 Go with me, Silvius.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, and JAQUES.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laugh-
5 ing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

10 *Ros.* Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the
15 lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these; but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in
20 which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing is to have rich eyes and poor 21 hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it 30 too!

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. Good day and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay, then God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse. [*Exit.*]

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you 35 lisp and wear strange suits, disable all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are, or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Or-
40 lando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise. 45

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder, but 50 I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight; I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

55 *Orl.* Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for, though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. Come, woo me, woo me, for now I am in a holiday humor
60 and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and,
65 when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

70 *Orl.* How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

75 *Ros.* Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all
80 this time there was not any man died in his own person; *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have
85 lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the

cramp, was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was "Hero of Sestos." But
90 these are all lies; men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind, for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But
95 come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays
100 and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

105

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing? Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando.

110

What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, "Will you, Orlando—"

Cel. Go to. Will you, Orlando, have to wife
115 this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife."

120

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission;

but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband.
There's a girl goes before the priest; and certainly
125 a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have
her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

130 *Ros.* Say "a day," without the "ever." No,
no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, De-
cember when they wed; maids are May when
they are maids, but the sky changes when they
are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a

135 Barbary-cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous
than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than
an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey:
I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,
and I will do that when you are disposed to be
140 merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when
thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

145 *Ros.* Or else she could not have the wit to do
this; the wiser, the waywarder. Make the doors
upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the case-
ment; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole;
stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the
150 chimney.

Orl. For these two hours, Rosalind, I will
leave thee.

Ros. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two
hours.

155 *Orl.* I must attend the duke at dinner; by
two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew
what you would prove: my friends told me as
much, and I thought no less: that flattering
tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, 160
and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and
so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are
not dangerous, if you break one jot of your 165
promise or come one minute behind your hour, I
will think you the most pathological break-promise
and the most hollow lover and the most unworthy
of her you call Rosalind that may be chosen out
of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore be- 170
ware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert
indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that ex-
amines all such offenders, and let Time try: 175
adieu. [Exit Orlando.]

Cel. You have simply misused our sex in
your love-prate: we must have your doublet and
hose plucked over your head, and show the world
what the bird hath done to her own nest. 180

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that
thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in
love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection
hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portu-
gal. 185

Cel. Or rather, bottomless, that as fast as you
pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus
that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen,
and born of madness, that blind, rascally boy 190

that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

195 *Cel.* And I'll sleep. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The forest.*

Enter JAQUES, Lords, and Foresters.

Jag. Which is he that killed the deer?

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jag. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jag. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

SONG.

For.

What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.

Then sing him home;

[*The rest shall bear this burden.*

Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
15 It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:

The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The forest.*

Enter ROSALIND and CELIA.

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here. 5

Enter SILVIUS.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:

[*Giving a letter.*

I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action 10
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,

And play the swaggerer; bear this, bear all. 15
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phoenix, 'Ods my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well, 20
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turn'd into the extremity of love. 25
I saw her hand; she has a leathern hand,

A freestone-colored hand : I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands :
She has a huswife's hand ; but that's no matter :

30 I say she never did invent this letter :
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers ; why, she defies me,
35 Like Turk to Christian : women's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the
letter ?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet,
40 Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me : mark how the tyrant
writes.

[*Reads*] " Art thou God to shepherd turn'd,
That a maiden's heart hath burn'd ? "

Can a woman rail thus ?

45 *Sil.* Call you this railing ?

Ros. [*Reads*]

" Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart ? "
Did you ever hear such railing ?

50 " Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me. "
Meaning me a beast.

" If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect !
55 Whiles you chid me, I did love ;
How then might your prayers move !

He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me :
And by him seal up thy mind ;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make ;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die." 65

Sil. Call you this chiding ?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd !

Ros. Do you pity him ? no, he deserves no
pity. Wilt thou love such a woman ? What, to
make thee an instrument and play false strains 70
upon thee ! not to be endured ! Well, go your
way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame
snake, and say this to her : that, if she love me,
I charge her to love thee ; if she will not, I will
never have her unless thou entreat for her. If 75
you be a true lover, hence, and not a word ; for
here comes more company. [*Exit Silvius.*]

Enter OLIVER.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones : pray you, if
you know,

Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive trees ? 80

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbour
bottom :

The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself ;
There's none within. 85

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description ;

Such garments and such years : " The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself

90 Like a ripe sister : the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you
The owner of the house I did enquire for ?

Cel. It is no boast, being ask'd, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
95 And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he ?

Ros. I am : what must we understand by
this ?

Oli. Some of my shame ; if you will know of
me

What man I am, and how, and why, and where

100 This handkercher was stain'd.

Cel. I pray you tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from
you,

He left a promise to return again
Within an hour ; and, pacing through the forest,

105 Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell ! he threw his eye aside,

And mark what object did present itself :

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,

110 A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back : about his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,

Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd

The opening of his mouth ; but suddenly,

115 Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush : under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike
watch,

When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis 120

The royal disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

This seen, Orlando did approach the man

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same
brother ;

125

And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,

For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But, to Orlando : did he leave him there, 130
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness ?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back and purposed
so ;

But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,

And nature, stronger than his just occasion,

Made him give battle to the lioness, 135

Who quickly fell before him ; in which hurtling,
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother ?

Ros. Was it you he rescued ?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to
kill him ?

140

Oli. 'Twas I ; but 'tis not I : I do not shame

To tell you what I was, since my conversion

So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin ?

Oli. By and by.

145

When from the first to last, betwixt us two,

Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,

As, how I came into that desert place :—

- In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
 150 Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
 Committing me unto my brother's love ;
 Who led me instantly unto his cave,
 There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
 The lioness had torn some flesh away,
 155 Which all this while had bled ; and now he
 fainted,
 And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
 Brief, I recover'd him, bound up his wound ;
 And, after some small space, being strong at
 heart,
 He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
 160 To tell this story that you might excuse
 His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
 Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
 That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[*Rosalind swoons.*]

- Cel.* Why, how now, Ganymede ! sweet Gany-
 mede !
 165 *Oli.* Many will swoon when they do look on
 blood.
Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede !
Oli. Look, he recovers.
Ros. I would I were at home.
Cel. We'll lead you thither.
 170 I pray you, will you take him by the arm ?
Oli. Be of good cheer, youth : you a man !
 you lack a man's heart.
Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body
 would think this was well counterfeited ! I pray
 175 you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited.
 Heigh-ho !
Oli. This was not counterfeit : there is too

great testimony in your complexion that it was
 a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counter-
 feit to be a man.

Ros. So I do : but i' faith, I should have been
 a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler ; pray 185
 you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back
 How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something : but, I pray
 you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will 190
 you go ? [Exit.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The forest.*

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey ; patience,
 gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for
 all the old gentleman's saying.

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a 5
 most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth
 here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis ; he hath no interest
 in me in the world : here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a 10
 clown : by my troth, we that have good wits have
 much to answer for ; we shall be flouting ; we
 cannot hold.

Enter WILLIAM.

Will. Good even, Audrey.

15 *Aud.* God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

20 *Will.* Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

25 *Will.* Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. "Thank God"; a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.

Touch. "So so" is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. 30 Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is 35 wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You 40 do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have is to 45 have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being

poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he; now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

50

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon,—which is in the vulgar leave,—the society,—which in the boorish is company,—of this female,—which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the 55 society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee or in bastinado or in steel; I will 60 bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways; therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry, sir. [Exit. 65

Enter CORIN.

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [Exeunt. 65

SCENE II.—*The forest.*

Enter ORLANDO and OLIVER.

Orl. Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing,

she should grant? and will you persevere to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing; nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter ROSALIND.

Ros. God save you, brother.

Oli. And you, fair sister. *[Exit.]*

Ros. O my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Caesar's thrasonical brag of "I came, saw, and overcame:" for your brother and

my sister no sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent: they are in the very wrath of love, and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her: I know into what straits of

fortune she is driven ; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow human as she is and without any danger.

75 *Orl.* Speakest thou in sober meanings ?

Ros. By my life, I do ; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array ; bid your friends ; for, if you will be married to-morrow, you shall, and to 80 Rosalind if you will.

Enter SILVIUS and PHEBE.

Look, here comes a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness

To shew the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have : it is my study

85 To seem despiteful and ungentle to you :

You are there followed by a faithful shepherd ;

Look upon him, love him ; he worships you.

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears ;

90 And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service ;

95 And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion and all made of wishes, 100
All adoration, duty, and obedience,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance ;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede. 105

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you ? 110

Ros. Who do you speak to, " Why blame you me to love you ? "

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this ; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [To 115

Sil.] I will help you if I can : [To *Phe.*] I would love you if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [To *Phe.*] I will marry you if ever I

marry woman, and I'll be married to-morrow : [To *Orl.*] I will satisfy you if ever I satisfied 120

man, and you shall be married to-morrow : [To *Sil.*] I will content you if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. 125

[To *Orl.*] As you love Rosalind, meet : [To *Sil.*] as you love Phebe, meet ; and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So fare you well : I have left

you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I.

[*Exeunt.* 13]

SCENE III.—*The forest.**Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.*

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey,
to-morrow will we be married.

And. I do desire it with all my heart; and I
hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a
5 woman of the world. Here come two of the ban-
ished duke's pages.

Enter two Pages.

First Page. Well met, honest gentlemen.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit,
and a song.

10 *Sec. Page.* We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly,
without hawking or spitting or saying we are
hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad
voice?

15 *Sec. Page.* I' faith, i' faith; and both in a
tune, like two gypsies on a horse.

SONG.

It was a lover and his lass,

With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass

20 In the spring time, the only pretty ring time
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,

With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,

25 These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

30

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey and a ho and a hey nonino;
For love is crown'd with the prime
In spring time, etc.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there 35
was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was
very untimeable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept
time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes; I count it but time 40
lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you;
and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE IV.—*The forest.**Enter DUKE senior, AMIENS, JAKUES, ORLANDO,
OLIVER, and CELIA.*

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the
boy
Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes
do not;

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, and PHEBE.

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact
is urged:

3

You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to
give with her.

Ros. And you say you will have her, when I
bring her?

10 *Orl.* That would I, were I of all kingdoms
king.

Ros. You say you'll marry me, if I be willing?

Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.

Ros. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?

15 *Phe.* So is the bargain.

Ros. You say that you'll have Phebe, if she
will?

Sil. Though to have her and death were both
one thing.

Ros. I have promised to make all this matter
even.

Keep you your word, O duke, to give your
daughter;

20 You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:

Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,

Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd:

Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her

If she refuse me: and from hence I go

25 To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt Rosalind and Celia.*]

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw
him

Methought he was a brother to your daughter:

30 But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born.

And hath been tutor'd in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY.

Fag. There is, sure, another flood toward, and 35
these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes
a pair of very strange beasts which in all tongues
are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Fag. Good my lord, bid him welcome: this 40
is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so
often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier
he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me
to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have 45
flattered a lady; I have been politic with my
friend, smooth with mine enemy; I have undone
three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like
to have fought one.

Fag. And how was that ta'en up? 50

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel
was upon the seventh cause.

Fag. How seventh cause? Good my lord,
like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the 55
like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the
country copulatives, to swear and to forswear;
according as marriage binds and blood breaks:
a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but 60
mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take
that that no man else will rich honestly dwells

like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster.

65 *Duke S.* By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Fag. But, for the seventh cause; how did you
70 find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed:—bear your body more seeming. Audrey:—as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was

75 not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I send him word again it was not well cut, he would send me word he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again it was not well cut, he

80 disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Fag. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords and parted.

Fag. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book; 95 as you have books for good manners: I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous;

the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that, too, with an *If*. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but, when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an *If*, as, "If 105 you said so, then I said so"; and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your *If* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *If*.

Fag. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool. 110

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter HYMEN, ROSALIND, and CELIA.

Still Music.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together. 115

Good duke, receive thy daughter:
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither
That thou mightst join her hand with his 120
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. [To Duke.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

[To Or.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

125 *Orl.* If there be truth in sight, you are my
Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
130 Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here 's eight that must take hands
135 To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
140 Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
145 That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

SONG.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
150 High wedlock then be honor'd:
Honor, high honor, and renown
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art
to me!
Even daughter, welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art 155
mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter JAKUES DE BOIS.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word
or two:

I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day 160
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came; 165
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banish'd brother,
And all their lands restored to them again 170
That were with him exil'd. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld, and to the other 175
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd days and nights 180
with us
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity

And fall into our rustic revelry.

185 Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,

With measure heap'd in joy, to the measures fall.
Jag. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,

The duke hath put on a religious life,
 And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

190 *Jag. de B.* He hath.

Jag. To him will I: out of these convertites
 There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.

[*To Duke*] You to your former honor I bequeath;
 Your patience and your virtue well deserves it:

195 [*To Ors.*] You to a love that your true faith doth
 merit:

[*To Oli.*] You to your land and love and great
 allies:

[*To Sil.*] You to a long and well-deserv'd bed:
 [*To Touch.*] And you to wrangling; for thy lov-

ing voyage

Is but for two months victualled. So, to your
 pleasures:

200 I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jag. To see no pastime I; what you would
 have

I'll stay to know at your abandon'd cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed; we will begin
 these rites,

205 As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[*A dance*

NOTES.

Notes without name appended are those of the Clarendon Press Series.
 R. Ed. = Rugby Edition; Ch. Ed. = Chambers's Edition; Co. Ed. = Collins's
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ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

The play was first printed in the folio of 1623, where it is divided
 into Acts and Scenes.

1. Upon this fashion, after this fashion.

2. Poor a thousand. For this transposition of the indefinite
 article see Abbott, § 422.

4. On his blessing, as a condition of obtaining his blessing.

6. He keeps at school. At the university. Hamlet at
 thirty still goes to school at Wittenberg.—R. Ed.—Profit, pro-
 ficiency.

13. Manage, the training and breaking in of a horse, from Fr.
manège.

19. Countenance, favor, regard, patronage.

20. Hinds, servants (A. S. *hina*), or farm-laborers. It is used
 still in the North of England for a farm bailiff.

25, 26. Mines my gentility, undermines the gentleness of my
 birth and so destroys it.

36. What make you here? what do you here? As in Ham-
 let, I, 2, 164:—

"And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?"

40. Marry, an exclamation, from the name of the Virgin Mary,
 used as an oath. Here it keeps up a poor pun upon *mar*.

44. Be naught awhile is only a north-country proverbial
 curse, equivalent to a mischief on you.

45. Referring to the story of the prodigal son.

46. What prodigal portion have I spent? what portion
 have I prodigally spent?

59. Your coming before me is nearer to his reverence,
 the fact of your being the eldest born brings you nearer in descent
 to our father.

60. What, boy! Oliver attempts to strike him, and Orlando
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60. **What, boy!** Oliver attempts to strike him, and Orlando in return seizes him by the throat.

64. I am no villain, no serf, or bondman; with a play on the other meaning.
- 71, 72. For your father's remembrance, for the sake of your father's memory.
81. Allottery, portion.
95. Grow upon, encroach.
79. Phisic your rankness, stop this rank growth of your insolence.—R. Ed.
114. Good leave, ready permission.
120. Or have died to stay behind her, that is, if forced to stay behind her.
125. The forest of Arden. The scene is taken from Lodge's novel. The ancient forest of Ardennes gave its name to the department in the N.E. of France, on the borders of Belgium.
129. Fleet the time, make it pass swiftly. An instance of Shakespeare's habit of forming verbs from adjectives.
130. The golden world, or the golden age.
139. Shall acquit him well, will have to acquit himself well. See v. 1, ii, and Abbott, § 315.
144. Intendment, intention, purpose.
151. By underhand means, because of the obstinacy which he attributes to him.
156. Contriver, plotter.
157. As lief, as gladly, as willingly.
160. Grace himself on thee, get himself honor or reputation in the contest with thee.
167. Anatomize, expose him, lay his faults bare.
171. His payment, his punishment.
175. Gamester, a young frolicsome fellow.
- 178, 179. Full of noble device, of noble conceptions and aims.
179. Enchantingly, as if under the influence of a charm or fascination.
183. Misprised, treated with contempt, despised. Fr. *mépriser*.
184. Kindle, incite. —Thither, to the wrestling match.
- SCENE 2.
6. Learn. The A.S. *lærnan* meant to teach.—Co. Ed.
11. So, provided that.
14. Tempered, composed. To temper is to blend together the ingredients of a compound.
19. Nor none. For the double negative see below, "nor no further in sport neither."
21. Render thee, give thee back, return thee.
81. A pure blush, that has no shame in it.—Come off, get off, escape, as from a contest.
41. Honest, virtuous.
42. Ill-favouredly, in an ugly manner.
48. Flout, mock, scoff at.

53. Natural, an idiot.
56. To reason, to discourse, talk.
59. Wit! whither wander you? "Wit, whither wilt?" was a proverbial expression.
80. Taxation, satire, censure.
90. Perhaps referring to some recent inhibition of the players. See Hamlet, ii. 2, 346.
92. Troth, faith; A.S. *træow*.
97. Will put on us, will pass off upon us.
105. Color is used for kind, nature.
109. Destinies decree. The folios have *destinies decrees*, one out of many instances in which by a printer's error an *s* has been added to a word, and by no means to be regarded as an example of the old northern plural in *s*, which, so far as Shakespeare is concerned, is a figment of grammarians.
110. Laid on with a trowel, coarsely, clumsily.
113. Amaze, confound, confuse. The word *amazement* was originally applied to denote the confusion of mind produced by any strong emotion, as in Mark xiv. 33: "And began to be sore amazed, and to be very heavy."
127. Proper, handsome. In this sense the parents of Moses saw that he was a *proper child*, Hebrews xi. 23.
137. Dole, grief, lamentation; Fr. *deuil*.
148. Broken music. Some instruments, such as viols, violins, flutes, etc., were formerly made in sets of four, which when played together formed a *consort*. If one or more of the instruments of one set were substituted for the corresponding ones of another set, the result was no longer a *consort* but *broken music*. The expression occurs in Henry V., v. 2, 253: "Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English broken."
157. Entreated, prevailed upon by entreaty, persuaded.
160. Successfully, as if he would win. The adverb is similarly used for the adjective in The Tempest, iii. 1, 32: "You look wearily."
167. Such odds in the man, such advantage on the side of the wrestler Charles.
191. Might, used for may, as in Hamlet, i. 1, 77.
193. Me, used as a reflexive pronoun. Abbott, § 223. —Much guilty. Much by itself is not now commonly used with adjectives.
197. Gracious, looked upon with favor.
201. Only in the world, etc. We should say, "I only fill up a place in the world."
212. Working, operation, endeavor.
217. You mean to mock me after. Theobald conjectured "An you;" Mason, "If you." But no change is absolutely necessary.
220. Thy speed, thy good fortune; A.S. *sped*.

226. **Who should down.** For the ellipsis of the verb of motion before an adverb of direction see *Hamlet* iii. 3, 4 :—

"And he to England shall along with you."

228, 229. **I am not yet well breathed,** am not yet in full breath, have not got my wind. Compare *Fr. mis en haleine*.

238. **Still,** constantly.

245. **Calling,** appellation, name.

249. **Known this young man his son,** that is, to be his son.

250. **Unto,** in addition to.

254. **Sticks me at heart,** stabs me to the heart.

257. **Justly,** exactly. Compare the use of *righteously*, above.

260. **Out of suits with fortune,** not wearing the livery of fortune, out of her service.

261. **Could give more,** would willingly give more.

266. **A quintain.** The spelling of the folios is *quintine*. Hasted, in his *History of Kent* (ii. 224), says, "On *Ofham green* there stands a Quintin, a thing now rarely to be met with, being a machine much used in former times by youth, as well to try their own activity as the swiftness of their horses in running at it. . . . The cross-piece of it is broad at one end, and pierced full of holes; and a bag of sand is hung at the other and swings round, on being moved with any blow. The pastime was for the youth on horseback to run at it as fast as possible, and hit the broad part in his career with much force. He that by chance hit it not at all was treated with loud peals of derision; and he who did hit it made the best use of his swiftness, least he should have a sound blow on his neck from the bag of sand, which instantly swang round from the other end of the quintin. The great design of this sport was to try the agility both of horse and man, and to break the board, which whoever did, he was accounted chief of the day's sport."

272. **Have with you,** come along.

280. **Condition,** temper, frame of mind, disposition.

282. **Humorous,** capricious.

295. **Argument,** cause, occasion.

300. **In a better world,** in a better age or state of things.

303. **From the smoke into the smother,** out of the frying-pan into the fire. Smother is the thick stifling smoke of a smouldering fire.

SCENE 3.

11. **For my child's father,** my husband that is to be. Rowe, from prudish motives, altered this to *my father's child*, and the change was approved by Coleridge.

12. **This working-day world,** this common condition of things.

16. **Coat,** used of a woman's garment.

27. **On such a sudden,** so suddenly.

34, 35. **Hated his father dearly,** excessively.

37. **Doth he not deserve well?** that is, to be hated. *Rosalind* takes the words in another sense.

45. **Cousin,** used for *niece*.

58. **Purgation,** exculpation.

62. **The likelihood,** the probability of my being a traitor.

70. **To think,** as to think.

75. **Remorse,** tender feeling, compassion; not compunction.

76. **That time,** at that time, then.

80. **Juno's swans.** No commentator appears to have made any remark upon this, but it may be questioned whether for *Juno* we ought not to read *Venus*, to whom, and not to Juno, the swan was sacred.

104. **Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.** No one would now think of writing, "thou and I am," but, as it is an instance of a construction of frequent occurrence in Shakespeare's time, by which the verb is attracted to the nearest subject, it should not be altered.

109. **Change,** change of condition, altered fortunes.

110. **Umber,** a brown color or pigment, said to be so called from Umbria, where it was first found.

124. **Suit me,** dress myself.

125. **Curtle-axe,** a cutlass. A curtlet-axe was not an axe at all, but a short sword. The word is formed from a diminutive of the Latin *cuteillus*.

128. **Swashing,** blustering, swaggering.

129. **Mannish,** masculine.

137. **Assay'd,** tried, endeavored.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

12, 14. **Which, like the toad,** etc. These toadstones are hemispherical, elliptical, or oval, hollow within, of an apparently petrified bony substance, whitish brown, or variegated with darker shades. The true, but very recent explanation of their origin is, that they were the bony embossed plates lining the palate or the jaws, and serving instead of teeth to a fossil fish, an arrangement observable in the recent representatives of the same species.

16, 17. In Sidney's *Arcadia*, published when Shakespeare was twenty-six years old, we have the same metaphor.—R. Ed.

23. **It irks me,** it grieves me, vexes me.

24. **Burghers,** citizens.

48. **Into,** changed by Pope to *in*.

49. **The needless stream,** which already had enough.

51. **Of after past participles,** before the agent, is used where we now employ *by*. See Abbott, § 170.

53. **Velvet**, the name for the outer covering of the horns of a stag in the early stages of their growth.—Co. Ed.
 71. **To cope him**, encounter him.
 72. **Matter**, good stuff, sound sense.

SCENE 2.

8. **Roynish**, literally scurvy; from French *rogneux*. Hence coarse, rough.

20. **Inquisition**, enquiry.—Quail, fail or slacken.

SCENE 3.

3. **Memory**, memorial.
 7. **So fond to**, so foolish as to. For the omission of *as* see note on l. 3, 62. "Fond" is contracted from "fanned," or "fonnyd," from "fon," a fool.
 10. **Some kind of men**. Compare Lear, ii. 2. 107: "These kind of knaves I know." Abbott, § 412.
 14, 15. **When what is comely Envenoms him that bears it**, like the poisoned garment and diadem which Medea sent to Creusa, or the poisoned tunic of Hercules.
 18. **Within this roof**. *Roof* is by a common figure of speech used for *house*.
 27. **Practices**, designs, plots.
 28. **Place**, dwelling-place, residence.
 38. **A diverted blood**, as Johnson explains it, blood diverted from the course of nature.
 40. **The thrifty hire I saved**, the wages I saved by thrift. For examples of similar uses of the adjective compare l. 1. 34, ll. 7, 132:—

"Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,"

that is, evils which cause weakness. Grammarians call this use of the adjective proleptic, or anticipatory, attributing to the cause what belongs to the effect.

59. **Meed**, reward. A S. *með*; compare Ger. *mietha*.
 66. **In lieu of**, in return for.
 75. **Too late a week**. A *week* is an adverbial phrase equivalent to "the week," entirely too late.

SCENE 4.

3. **I could find in my heart**, am almost inclined.
 5. **Doublet and hose**, coat and breeches. According to Fairholt (*Costume in England*, p. 437), the name *doublet* was derived from the garment being made of double stuff padded between. . . . The doublet was close, and fitted tightly to the body; the skirts reaching a little below the girdle. The same writer (p. 512) says of *hose*, "This word, now applied solely to the stocking, was originally used to imply the breeches or chausses."

10. **I should bear no cross**. A play upon the figurative expression in Matthew x. 38; a cross being upon the reverse of all the silver coins of Elizabeth.

31. **Fantasy**, the earlier form of the word *fancy*.
 38. **Wearing**, that is, fatiguing, exhausting.
 44. **Searching of**, in searching of, or a-searching of; *searching* being in reality a verbal noun.

49. **A-night**, at or by night.

50. **Battel**, *Battel*, the name of an instrument with which washers beat their clothes; a square piece of wood with a handle.—Ch. Ed.

52. **A peascod**. The peascod is the husk or pod which contains the peas, but it here appears to be used for the plant itself. The Welsh *nod*, or *cod*, may have been borrowed from English.—Skeat's *Ety. Dic.*

59. **Wiser**, more wisely. For examples of adjectives used as adverbs, see Abbott, § 1.—**Ware**, aware.

63. **Upon my fashion**, after or according to my fashion.

85. **The fleeces that I graze**. *Fleeces* for *flocks*.

96. **Churlish**, miserly, penurious. From A. S. *ceorl*, a clown, comes *churlish* in the sense of rough, rude, as in ii. 1. 7, and thence is derived the secondary meaning which it has in the present passage.

87. **Recks**, cares.

89. **Cote**, a shepherd's hut, called a cottage in l. 86.—**Bounds of feed**, limits within which he had the right of pasturage.

93. **In my voice**, so far as my vote is concerned, so far as I have authority to bid you welcome.

97. **If it stand with**, if it be consistent with.

106. **Feeder**, servant.

SCENE 5.

15. **Ragged**, rugged, rough. So Isaiah ii. 21: "To go into the clefts of the rocks, and into the tops of the ragged rocks."

27. **Dog apes**, baboons.

32. **Cover**, lay the cloth for the banquet.

34. **To look you**, to look for you.

36. **Disputable**, disputatious, fond of argument.

36. **Ducdame**. It is in vain that any meaning is sought for this jargon, as Jaques only intended to fill up a line with sounds that have no sense.

64. **His banquet**. The banquet was, strictly speaking, the wine and dessert after dinner, and it is here used in this sense, for Amiens says above, "The duke will drink under this tree."

SCENE 6.

2. **For food**, for want of food.

8. Conceit, fancy, imagination. Compare Hamlet, iii. 4. 114 :—"Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works."
11. Presently, immediately. Compare Matthew, xxvi. 53.
- SCENE 7.
5. Compact of jars, composed of discords. *Jar* as a substantive is used elsewhere by Shakespeare, in the general sense of discord.
6. Discord in the spheres. The old belief in the music of the spheres is frequently referred to by Shakespeare.
13. A motley fool. In Shakespeare's time the dress of the domestic fool, who formed an essential element in large households, was motley or parti-colored.
19. Referring, as Upton pointed out, to the proverbial saying, *Fortuna favet fatuis*. Ray, in his Collection of English Proverbs, has, "Fortune favors fools; or fools have the best luck."
20. From his poke, the pouch or pocket which he wore by his side.
23. Wags, moves along.
32. Sans intermission. In the note on *The Tempest*, i. 2. 97, it is shown that the French preposition *sans* (from Lat. *sine*, as *certain* from *certus*) was actually adopted for a time as an English word.
39. Dry as the remainder biscuit. In the physiology of Shakespeare's time a dry brain accompanied slowness of apprehension and a retentive memory.
40. Places, topics or subjects of discourse.
49. As large a charter as the wind, to blow where it listeth.
56. [Not to] seem senseless of the b-b. Pob, a rap, a jest. The words in brackets were added by Theobald to mend the limping metre and the halting sense.
58. Squandering, random, without definite aim. To squander is to scatter.
64. For a counter, a worthless wager; a counter being a piece of metal of no value, used only for calculations.
68. Headed evils, like tumors grown to a head.
76. The city-woman, the citizen's wife.
80. Of basest function, holding the meanest office.
81. Bravery, finery.
86. Free, innocent.
87. Taxing, censure.
92. Of what kind should this cock come of. For the repetition of the preposition, see below, l. 139: "Wherein we play in." And Coriolanus, ii. 1. 18: "In what enormity is Marcius poor in?"
96. My vein, my disposition of humor.

98. Inland bred, bred in the interior of the country, in the heart of the population, and therefore in the centre of refinement and culture, as opposed to those born in remote upland or outlying districts.
99. Nurture, education, good breeding.
110. Commandment, command.
115. Knoll'd. Cotgrave (Fr. Dict.) gives, "Carillonner. To chime, or knowle, bells." So also Palsgrave, "I knolle a bell. *Je frappe du batant*."
119. My strong enforcement, that which strongly supports my petition.
126. Upon command, in answer to your command, according to any order you may give; and so, at your pleasure.
142. All the world's a stage. "*Totus mundus agit histrionem*," from a fragment of Petronius, is said to have been the motto on the Globe Theatre.
151. Sighing like furnace, as the furnace sends out smoke.
153. Bearded like the pard, with long pointed mustaches, bristling like a panther's or a leopard's feelers.
154. Sudden, hasty.
159. Saws, sayings, maxims. Allied to A. S. *sagan*, to say; Icelandic, *saga*, tale.—Skeat's Etym. Dic.—Modern, commonplace, of every-day occurrence. See iv. 1. 6; Macbeth, iv. 3. 170 :—"Where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy."
161. Pantaloon. The word and character were borrowed from the Italian stage.
179. Unkind, unnatural. This literal sense of the word appears to be the most prominent here.
191. Though thou the waters warp. In the A. S. *weorpan*, or *wyrpan*, from which *warp* is derived, there are the two ideas of throwing and turning. By the former of these it is connected with the German *werfen*, and by the latter with A. S. *hwercfan*. The prominent idea of the English *warp* is that of turning or changing, from which that of shrinking or contracting as wood does is a derivative.
197. Effigies, likenesses.
198. Limn'd, drawn and painted.
- ACT THIRD.
- SCENE I.
2. The better part, the greater part.
4. Thou present, thou being present.
16. My officers of such a nature, whose especial duty it is.
17. Make an extent upon his house and lands. "Upon

all debts of record due to the Crown, the sovereign has his peculiar remedy by writ of *extent*; which differs in this respect from an ordinary writ of execution at suit of the subject, that under it the body, lands, and goods of the debtor may be all taken at once, in order to compel the payment of the debt. And this proceeding is called an *extent*, from the words of the writ; which directs the sheriff to cause the lands, goods, and chattels to be appraised at their full, or extended, value (*extendi facias*), before they are delivered to satisfy the debt."

18. **Expediently**, speedily, expeditiously.

SCENE 2.

2. **Thrice-crowned**, ruling in heaven, on earth, and in the underworld, as Luna, Diana, and Hecate.

6. **Character**, inscribe.

15. **Naught**, bad, worthless. The old English forms of the word are *nawiht*, *nā-ht*, and *nāht*, the same as *no whit* and the negative of *ought*.

31. **May complain of good breeding**, that is, of the want of good breeding. See ii. 4. 60.

39. **All on one side** is explanatory of *ill-roasted*.

45. **Perilous**, perilous, dangerous.

48. **Not a whit**. As *not* is itself a contraction of *nawiht*, or *nawhit*, *not a whit* is redundant.

49. **Mockable**, liable to ridicule.

54. **Still**, constantly.

55. **Fells**, the skins of sheep with the wool on.

57. **A mutton**, a sheep. Like *beef*, the word is now only used of the flesh of the slaughtered animal.

69. **Perpend**, reflect, consider.

75. **God made incision in thee!** The reference is to the old method of cure for most maladies by blood-letting.

76. **Raw**, untrained, untutored.

80. **Content with my harm**, patient under my own misfortunes.

93. **It is the right butter-women's rank to market**, going one after another, at a jog-trot, like butterwomen going to market.

107. **False gallop**, the unnatural pace which a horse is taught to go; apparently the same as *canter* or *Canterbury gallop*, said to be so called from being the pace adopted by pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury.

112. **Graft**. The old form of *graft*, from French *greffer*.

113. **A medlar**. The top-shaped fruit, resembling a pear, of a large shrub, which grows in the hedges of England. Its fruit is harsh even when ripe.—Co. Ed. For the pun upon "medlar" compare Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 307-309.

125. **Civil sayings**, the sayings or maxims of civilization and refinement.

127. **Erring**, wandering; not used here in a moral sense. See Hamlet, i. 1. 154: "The extravagant and erring spirit."

129. **Buckles in**, encompasses.

133. **Sentence end**. For the omission of the mark of the possessive see below, line 237, and Abbott, § 217.

136. **Quintessence**, the fifth essence, called also by the medieval philosophers the spirit or soul of the world, "whome we tearme the quinticence, because he doth not consist of the foure Elements, but is a certaine fifth, a thing aboue them or beside them."

137. **In little**, in miniature.

143. **Atalanta's better part** has given occasion to much discussion. Steevens was probably right in saying it was that for which she was most commended, but the question still remains what this was. In the story of Atalanta as told in Ovid (Met. x.), where Shakespeare may have read it in Golding's translation, it is clearly her beauty and grace of form which attracted her suitors to compete in the race with her at the risk of being the victims of her cruelty. For instance, Hippomenes, looking on at first with a feeling of contempt, begins to think the prize worth competing for:—

"And though that she

Did flie as swift as Arrow from a Turkie bow: yet hee
More woondred at her beautie, then at swiftnesse of her pace,
Her running greatly did augment her beautie and her grace."

(Golding's trans. ed. 1603, fol. 128.)

149. **Touches**, traits.

173. **Seven out of the nine days** that a wonder usually lasts.

175. **On a palm-tree**. Those who desire that Shakespeare shall be infallible on all subjects, human and divine, explain the palm-tree in this passage as the goat willow, the branches of which are still carried and put up in Churches on Palm Sunday. But as the forest of Arden is taken from Lodge's novel, it is more likely that the trees in it came from the same source.

176. **Since Pythagoras' time**. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls is referred to again by Shakespeare in The Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 131, and Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 54-60.

176. **An Irish rat**. The belief that rats were rhymed to death in Ireland is frequently alluded to in the dramatists. Malone quotes from Sidney's Apologie for Poetrie, "Though I will not wish vnto you, the Asses eares of Midas, nor to bee driven by a Poet's verses, (as Bubonax was) to hang himselfe, nor to be rimed to death, as is sayd to be doone in Ireland, yet this much curse I must send you." The supposed effect of music upon these animals will be present to the recollection of every one who has read Browning's Pied Piper of Hamelin.

193. **Good my complexion!** Rosalind appeals to her complexion not to betray her by changing color.

195. **One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery,** if you delay the least to satisfy my curiosity I shall ask you in the interval so many more questions that to answer them will be like embarking on a voyage of discovery over a wide and unknown ocean.

208. **Stay, wait for.**

213. **Sad brow, serious countenance.**

220. **Wherein went he? How was he dressed?**

224. **Gargantua's mouth.** Rabelais' giant, who swallowed five pilgrims at a gulp.—R. Ed.

231. **Atomies,** the motes in the sunbeams.

243. **It well becomes the ground, that is, the background of the picture.**

244. **Cry holla to, check, restrain,** a term of horsemanship.

248. **Without a burden.** "The burden of a song, in the old acceptation of the word, was the base, foot, or under-song. It was sung throughout, and not merely at the end of a verse."

275. **Rings.** References to the posies in rings are to be found in Hamlet, iii. 2. 162, and The Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 148. They were written on the inside in the 16th and 17th centuries, and on the outside in the 14th and 15th centuries.

276. **Right painted cloth.** Hangings for rooms were made of canvas painted with figures and mottoes or moral sentences. The scenes were frequently of scripture subjects.

283. **No breather,** no living being.

320. **A se'nnight or sevennight,** a week. An old mode of reckoning which still survives in provincial dialects: A. S. *seofon niht*. We retain it in "fortnight" = fourteen night.

346. **Purchase, acquire.**—**Removed, remote, retired.**

348. **Religious,** that is, a member of some religious order.

357-58. **They were all like one another as halfpence are.** No halfpence were coined in Elizabeth's reign till 1582-3. Facon refers to "the late new halfpence" in the Dedication to the first edition of the Essays, which was published in 1597.

368. **Fancy-monger, love-monger,** one who deals in love.

370. **The quotidian of love.** A quotidian fever is one which is continuous, as distinguished from an intermittent fever which comes in fits.

373. **There is followed by a plural.** See Abbott, § 315.

379. **A blue eye,** not blue in the iris, but blue or livid in the eye lids, especially beneath the eyes. A mark of sorrow.

380. **Unquestionable, averse to question or conversation.**

382. **Your having, your possession.** Compare Twelfth Night, iii. 4. 379: "My having is not much."

389. **Your bonnet unbanded.** Bonnet was used in Shakespeare's time for a man's hat. See Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 81: "His bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere."

388. **Point-device,** faultless, precise.

407. **A dark house and a whip.** The more humane treatment of lunatics is a growth of the present century.

429. **Wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart.** The liver, in ancient physiology, was regarded as the seat of the passions.

SCENE 3.

1. **Audrey,** a corruption of *Etheldreda*, as tawdry laces derive their name from being sold at the fair of St. Etheldreda, abbess of Ely, which was held on Oct. 17.

8, 9. It is necessary to observe, as it might not otherwise be obvious, that there is a pun intended on *goats* and *Goths*, and that this is further sustained by the word *capricious*, which is from the Italian *capriccioso*, humorous or fantastical, and this from *capra*, a goat.

10. **Ill-inhabited, ill-lodged.**

15. **A great reckoning in a little room,** a large bill for a small company.

32. **Material,** full of matter.

36. **Foul, ugly;** of the complexion, as opposed to *fair*.

43. **Sir Oliver Martext.** *Sir* was given to those who had taken the bachelor's degree at a university, and corresponded to the Latin *Dominus*, which still exists in the Cambridge Tripos lists in its abbreviated form *Dr.*

59. **God 'ild you, God yield you, God reward you.**

60. **A toy,** a trifling matter.

61. **Be covered,** put on your hat. Touchstone assumes a patronizing air towards Jaques.

75. **But I were better,** that it were not better for me.

83. **O sweet Oliver.** A fragment of an old ballad referred to by Ben Jonson.

SCENE 4.

8. **Something browner than Judas's.** Judas in the old tapestries is said to have been represented with a red beard.

14. **Holy bread,** the sacramental bread.

37. **Question, conversation.**

39. **What, why.** Compare Coriolanus, iii. 3. 83: "What do you prate of service?"

43. **Quite traverse,** like an unskilful tilter, who breaks his staff across instead of striking it full against his adversary's shield and so splitting it lengthwise.

44. **Puisny, inferior, unskilful;** as a novice.

SCENE 5.

6. **But first begs pardon,** without first begging pardon. See Edwards, Life of Raleigh, i. 704: "The executioner then kneeled

to him for the forgiveness of his office. Raleigh placed both his hands on the man's shoulders, and assured him that he forgave him with all his heart."

7. **Dies and lives.** Mr. Arrowsmith has shown (Notes and Queries, 1st Series, vii. 512) that "*This kysteron proteron* is by no means uncommon: its meaning is, of course, the same as live and die, *i.e.* subsist from the cradle to the grave."

23. **Cicatrice**, properly, the scar of a wound; here, a mark, or indentation. — **Capable impressure**, sensible impression.

41. **Without candle**, without exciting any particular desire for light to see it by. — R. Ed.

45. **Of nature's sale-work**, of what nature makes for general sale and not according to order or pattern. The modern phrase is *ready-made goods*.

45. **'Od's my little life**, a very diminutive oath, which so far approaches to the definition of an interjection as to be "an extra-grammatical utterance." '*Od's*' is of course for *God's*.

49. **Bugle**, black, as beads of black glass which are called bugles.

50. **Entame**, subdue, render tame. — **To your worship**, to worship you.

82. **Abused**, deceived.

84. **Dead shepherd**. Christopher Marlowe, slain in a brawl by Francis Archer, 1 June, 1593, is the shepherd, and the verse is from his *Hero and Leander*, first published in 1598. —

"Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?"

113. **Carlot**, clown, rustic; a diminutive of *carle*, or *churl*.

115. **Peevish**, petulant.

128. **Constant, uniform**. — **Mingled damask**, or red and white, like the color of damask roses.

130. **In parcels**, piecemeal, in detail.

134. **What had he to do to chide**, what business had he to chide.

135. **I am remember'd**, I remember.

142. **Straight**, immediately. As in *Hamlet*, v. 1. 4: "And therefore make her grave straight."

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE 1.

8. **Modern**. See ii. 7. 159.

8. **Censure**, opinion, criticism. Compare *Hamlet*, i. 3. 60: —
"Take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment."

16. **Nice**, foolish, trifling.

18. **Simple**, the single ingredients of a compound mixture. Generally applied to herbs.

21. **Humorous**, fanciful.

35. See Overbury's Characters, where "An Affectate Traveller" is described: "He censures all things by countenances, and shrugs, and speaks his own language with shame and lisping." Rosalind's satire is not yet without point.

36. **Disable**, depreciate, disparage.

50. **Clapped him o' the shoulder**, arrested him, like a sergeant. Rosalind hints that Cupid's power over Orlando was merely superficial.

65. **Gravelled**, puzzled, at a standstill. Run down to the sediment. — R. Ed. Compare Bacon, Advancement of Learning, i. 7, § 8, p. 57: "But when Marcus Philosophus came in, Silenus was gravelled and out of countenance."

67. **When they are out**, when they are at a loss, having forgotten their part.

89. **Chroniclers**. Hamner read *coroners*, justifying his emendation by what follows; for *found* is the technical word used with regard to the verdict of a coroner's jury, which is still called their *finding*.

136. **New-fangled**, changeable, fond of novelty and new fashions.

140. **A hyen**, or hyæna. In Holland's Pliny it is commonly spelt *hyæne*, sometimes *hyæn*; but in the index *hyen*.

146. **Make the doors**, shut the doors.

153. **Lack**, do without.

184. **The bay of Portugal**, that portion of the sea off the coast of Portugal from Oporto to the headland of Cintra. The water there is excessively deep, and within a distance of forty miles from the shore it attains a depth of upwards of 1,400 fathoms, which in Shakespeare's time would be practically unfathomable.

184. **Spleen**, a sudden impulse of passion, whether of love or hatred.

189. **A shadow**, a shady place.

SCENE 3.

18. **As rare as phoenix**, which, according to Seneca (Epist. 42), was born only once in five hundred years. Sir T. Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, B. 3, c. 12: "That there is but one Phoenix in the world, which after many hundred years burneth it self, and from the ashes thereof ariseth up another is a conceit, not new or altogether popular, but of great Antiquity."

52. **Byne**, a poetical form of the plural, generally used for the sake of the rhyme.

55. **Aspect**, an astrological term used to denote the favorable or unfavorable appearance of the planets.

78. **Fair ones**. Shakespeare seems to have forgotten that

Celia was apparently the only woman present. Perhaps we should read *fair one*.

79. *Purlieus*, the skirts or borders of a forest; originally a part of the forest itself. A technical term.

81. *The neighbour bottom*, the neighbouring dell or dale.
95. *Napkin*, handkerchief. See *Othello*, iii. 3. 290, where Emilia says: "I am glad I have found this napkin."

118. *With udders all drawn dry*, and therefore fierce with hunger; sucked dry by her cubs, and therefore hungry.

136. *Hurling*, dis, tumult, noise of a conflict. An imitative word.

171. *Be of good cheer*. Be cheerful, cheer up! *Cheer*, from *Fr. chere*, was originally the countenance.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

112. *We shall be flouting*, we must have our joke. For *shall* in this sense compare i. 1. 139.

115. *God ye good even*, that is, God give you good even.

60. *Bastinado*. "Bastonade: f. A bastonadoc; a banging, or beating with a cudgel."

61. *Bandy with thee*, contend with thee.

65. *God rest you merry*. This salutation at taking leave occurs in the shorter form in *Romeo and Juliet*, i. 2. 65: "Ye say honestly: rest you merry!"

SCENE 2.

13. *Estate*, settle as an estate.

33. *I know where you are*, I know what you mean, what you are hinting at.

35. *Thrasonical*, boastful; from *Thraso* the boaster in the *Eunuchus* of Terence. The celebrated despatch of Cæsar to the Senate after his defeat of Pharnaces near Zela in Pontus.

43. *Incontinent*, immediately.

59. *Of good conceit*, of good intelligence, or mental capacity.

66. *Three year*. The fourth folio had already *three years*, or the change would have been made by Pope on the ground that the singular was vulgar.

69. *Conversed*, been conversant, associated.

67. *Damnable*, worthy of condemnation.

68. *Gesture*, carriage, bearing.

75. *Which I tender dearly*. By 5 Elizabeth, ch. 16, "An Act against Conjurations, Inchantments, and Witchcraftes," it was enacted that all persons using witchcraft, etc., whereby death ensued, should be put to death without benefit of clergy.

SCENE 3.

4. *Dishonest*, unvirtuous or immodest.

5. *To be a woman of the world*, that is, to be married. Beatrice says in *Much Ado* about *Nothing*, ii. 1. 331, "Thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sunburnt; I may sit in a corner and cry heigh-ho for a husband!"

11. *Shall we clap into 't roundly*, shall we set about it directly?

36. *No great matter in the ditty*, no great sense or meaning in the words of the song.

SCENE 4.

4. *As those that fear they hope, and know they fear*, who are so diffident that they even hope fearfully, and are only certain that they fear.

27. *Lively*, lifelike. — *Touches*, traits.

35. *Another flood toward*, that is, at hand or coming on.

44. 45. *Let him put me to my purgation*, let him give me an opportunity of proving the truth of what I have said.

45. *A measure*, a stately dance, suited to the court.

50. *Ta'en up*, made up.

58. *Copulatives*, who desire to be joined in marriage.

59. *Blood*, passion.

65. *Swift*, quick-witted.

67. *The fool's bolt*, which, according to the proverb, is soon shot.

68. *Such dulcet diseases*. Those who wish to make sense of Touchstone's nonsense would read *discourses*, or *phrases*, or *discords*, instead of *diseases*.

71. *Seven times removed*, reckoning backwards from the lie direct.

72. *More seeming, more seemly, more becomingly*.

79. *Quip*, a smart jest. Milton has preserved the word in *L'Allegro*, 27:—

"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles."

80. *Disabled*, disparaged.

84. *Countercheck*, a rebuff, a check. The figure is from the game of chess.

94. *We quarrel in print, by the book*. The particular work which Shakespeare seems to have had in view was a treatise by Vincentio Saviolo, printed in 1595, in two books; the first treating of the use of the Rapier and Dagger; the second, of Honor and Honorable Quarrels.

95. *Books for good manners*, like "the card or calendar of gentry," to which Osric compares Laertes (*Hamlet* v. 2. 114), evidently in allusion to the title of some such book.

111. A *stalking-horse* was either a real horse or the figure of a horse, used by sportsmen to get near their game.

112. Presentation, semblance.

116. *Atone together*, are reconciled or made one. As in *Coriolanus*, iv. 6. 72 :—

"He and Aufidius can no more atone
Than violentest contrariety."

See in *Acts* vii. 26, 2 *Macc.* i. 5, the phrases *to set at one* in the sense of *to reconcile*, and *to be at one* in the sense of *to be reconciled*, from which *atone* is derived.

136. If *truth holds true contents*, if there be any truth in truth. This appears to be the only sense of which the poor phrase is capable.

162. *Address'd*, equipped, prepared. Compare 2 *Henry IV.*, iv. 4. 5 :—

"Our navy is address'd, our power collected."

163. In his own conduct, under his own guidance, led by himself.

174. *Offer'st fairly*, contributest fairly, make a handsome present.

175. To the other, that is, Orlando, by his marriage with Rosalind.

179. *After*, afterwards.—*Every*, every one.

180. *Shrewd*, bad, evil.

187. By your patience, by your leave, with your permission.

189. *Pompous*, attended with pomp and ceremony.

191. *Convertites*, converts.

194. *Deserves*. The singular verb often follows two substantives which represent one idea.

EXAMINATION PAPERS.

[Modelled after the English Civil Service Commission Papers.]

A.

1. To what class of Shakesperian plays does *As You Like It* belong? Give its date.
2. What of the play is borrowed, and from whom?
3. What classical and historical allusions in the play?
4. What is Touchstone's agency in the play?
5. State by whom, to whom, and on what occasions these lines were uttered :—

(a) Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

(b) For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood.

(c) Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel.

6 Explain these words and phrases : *Marry; be naught awhile; kinds; as lief; proper; laid on with a trowel; quintain; so fond to; pantaloen.*

7 Give examples of adverbs used for adjectives; of double negatives; and of words that have changed their meaning since Shakespeare's day.

8 Contrast the characters of Rosalind and Celia.

B.

1. What is said to have been the motto of the Globe Theatre?
2. What can you say of Jacques?
3. State by whom, to whom, and on what occasions these lines were uttered :—

(a) He that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends.

(b) Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.

(c) A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad; I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's.

(d) Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

- (c) My affection hath an unknown bottom like, the bay of Portugal.
4. Explain these words and phrases: *Make an extent upon his house and lands; still* (adverb); *at night; Gargantua's mouth; fell; right butter-women's rank to market; quintessence; an Irish rat; a South-sea of discovery; right painted cloth; sir; cyne; as rare as phoenix.*
5. Give your estimate of the duke.
- C.
1. Contrast Corin with Silvius, and Audrey with Phoebe.
2. Write out your estimate of Orlando.
3. State by whom, to whom, and on what occasions these lines were uttered:—
- (a) Maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.
- (b) Chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy.
- (c) It is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other.
- (d) A poor virgin, sir; an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own.
- (e) Your *if* is the only peace-maker; much virtue in *if*.
4. Explain these words and phrases: *Bugle eyes; carlot; aspect; rest you merry; a woman of the world; atone together; convertites; copulatives; God tld you.*
5. Select from the play five rare similes and as many metaphors.
6. Give your estimate of the play as a whole.

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